Nim. I must do as I may, tho patience be a tired mare,
Yet sheel plod, and some say knives have edges,
And men may sleepe and have their throates about them
At that time, and there's the humor of it.

Bar. Come ifaith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make *Pistoll* and thee friends. What a plague should we carry knives to cut our owne throates.

Nim. Ifaith ile live as long as I may, that's the certaine of it. And when I cannot live any longer, Ile do as I may,
And there's my rest, and the randevous of it.

Enter Pistoll, and Hostes Quickly his wife.

Bar. Good morrow ancient *Pistoll*.
heere comes ancient *Pistoll*, I prethee *Nim* be quiet.

Nim. How do you my host?

Pist. Base slave, callest thou me host?
Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,
Nor shall my *Nell* keepe lodging.

Host. No by my troth not I,
For we cannot bed nor boord halfe a score gentlewomen
That live honestly by the pricke of their needle,
But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house.
O Lord, heere's Corporall *Nim*, now shall
We have wilfull adultery and murther committed:
Good Corporall *Nim* shew the valour of a man,
And put vp your sword. *Nim.* Push.

Pist. What, dost thou push, thou prickeard cur of Iseland

Nim. Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

Pist. Solus, egregious dog, that solus in thy throate,
And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within
Thy mesfull mouth, I do retort that solus
In thy bowels, and in thy law perdie; for I can talke,
And *Pistols* flashing fiery cocke is vp.

Nim. I am not *Barbason*, you cannot coniure me;
I have an humor *Pistoll* to knocke you indifferently well,
And you fall foule with me *Pistoll*,
Ile scoure you with my Rapier in faire tearmes.

If you will walke off a
Ile pricke your guts a l
And there's the humor
Pist. O braggard vil
The graue doth gape, a
Therefore exall.
Bar. Heare me, he th
Ile kill him, as I am a S
Pist. An oath of mick
Nim. Ile cut your thr
In faire termes: and th
Pist. Couple gorge i
A damned hound, thin
No, to the powdering
Fetch foorth the lazar
Doll Tear-sheete, she
I have, and I will hold
For the onely she and
E

Boy. Hostes, you mu
And you host *Pistoll*.
Good *Bardolfe* put thy
And do the office of a
Host. By my troth he
these dayes.
Ile go to him, husban
Bar. Come *Pistoll* b
Nim, prethee be frien
Be enemies with me t
Ni. I shal have my eig
Pist. Base is the slave
Ni. That now I will
Pist. As manhood sh
Bar. He that strikes t
Ile kill him by this sw
Pi. Sword is an oath

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22291) LONDON, 1608 [1619] UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG